

THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. & EDWARD BAILEY, PRORS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, JULY 13, 1870.

VOLUME XVII—NO. 8.

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Subscription Two Dollars per annum.
Advertisements inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve Minton lines (this sized type) for the first insertion, fifty cents each for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made.
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Selected Poetry.

A Sabbath in the Country.
No sound of crashing wheel was heard.
The morning sun crept up the hills,
The twitter of the summer's bird,
And gurgling laughter of the rills,
And whirring welcome of the trees,
And harp-voices of the gentle breeze.
The air was full of Sabbath song,
And Sabbath beauty robed the earth;
There was no flustering, fine dressed throng,
No marbling and assembly mirth;
But golden sunlight in the dells,
And music of inviting bells.
The house of God was everywhere;
We stood in courts where He had been,
We walked across His meadows fair,
And down His aisles of evergreen,
And strayed beside His river brim,
Where all our hearts went out to Him.
We lingered where the little bands
Knelt down together in His light,
With sun-burnt faces, toll stained hands,
And simple voices that loved the right:
And while we breathed His holy name,
Into our midst the Master came.
We looked upon the preacher's face,
But back to us looked other eyes,
We heard the spoken words of grace,
But 'twas another made us wise;
For God took all our thoughts away,
And kept them to Himself that day.
O grand cloud-mountains, snowy white!
O wilderness of tree and fern!
That through the windows met our sight,
And made our peace-filled spirits burn!
Into our hearts your joy we take,
And love you for our Father's sake.

Story for the Ladies.

DARED AND DEFEATED.

"You will meet Walter Sutton at The Roses; enter in no rivalry with him."
This was the postscript of my father's letter, and the one cloud in the bright horizon of my hopes.
I was twenty-three years old, just released from college, a little pale and weary with study, and bound for that paradise of the earth, my widowed sister Margaret's home—The Roses.
I was to spend the summer with Mag; and the prospect had been one of infinite delight. But now I heard that Sutton was there.
This Walter Sutton was a younger brother of Mag's deceased husband, a millionaire's son, and a Parisian by education.
At twenty he had been familiar with the Mabile. At twenty-six he was pronounced the handsomest and most dissipated man in London; and now, a year later, I was to have his companionship for the summer at the house of my sister, Mrs. Margaret Sutton.
The man had always had a fascination for me, while I despised him. His Apollonian beauty, his knowledge of the world, his coolness, daring and fearlessness, I regarded with wonder. But I had sense enough to weigh these against his cynicism, his blackened reputation, and his rakish manner, which told its tale of unhappiness, and to keep quietly on my way, unenvied of his success.
At the time I went to The Roses I was, moreover, less liable to impure influence, for I had just lost the noblest and dearest of mothers.
It is true I did not relish meeting Walter Sutton, but I was not one to borrow trouble. It was June weather; "green and blue were glad together," and I was free.
My horse arched his beautiful neck, and trotted slowly and proudly along the road, while I looked across the sunny fields, watching for the first sign of my sister's mansion—trees rustling, flowers blooming, and birds singing around me.
Suddenly I saw a carriage whirling in advance of me. I recognized the man on the box and spurred forward.
I gained it. The stately lady within it looked up, threw aside her sable veil, and cried, "Lewis!"
"Are you going home, Maggie?"
"Directly."
"I am with you."
At that moment I became conscious of the earnest gaze of a pair of golden-brown eyes. My sister was not alone in the carriage. A young girl, with her lap full of water lilies, and a large straw hat shading the fairest and loveliest of faces, sat beside her. We looked inquiringly at each other; but for

once, my admirable sister forgot the demands of society. In her pleasure at seeing me she omitted the introduction, and leaning from her seat she questioned me eagerly regarding occurrences at home. She had not been there since my mother's funeral had taken place in the winter.
Suddenly a light phantom whirled by us, the driver of which lifted his hat as he passed, giving a piercing look into the carriage. I followed it, and I fancied I saw the young girl's hand tremble among the lilies on her lap.
"You know Walter is with us, Lewis?" remarked Margaret, a little cloud on her face.
"Yes, he is looking well."
"He always looks well," said Mag, significantly.
We were entering the avenue. Two splendid rose trees guarded the gate; the rustic trellises held an arch of blossoming vines above their heads. I questioned Mag as to the garden.
"My gardeners say that they have been very successful this year. I think I appreciate the roses more than usual this year, for Alice enjoys them so much."
My sister turned as she spoke, with a fond smile for the girl at her side, and then remembered to say, "Alice, this is my brother Lewis. Mr. Verner, Miss Lee."
So those golden-brown eyes came up to mine again, and my look of admiration was rewarded with a little smile, so sweet that I then and there fell in love with its owner.
We drove through clouds of perfume to the door. There were ladies and gentlemen upon the broad terrace.
"I have other guests," said Margaret, aside.
I had met some of them before—all nice people. The summer promised to be gay. I know that I was very happy that evening, singing with Alice Lee. But there was an evil influence in the house. I soon felt it. Sutton's wealth and extravagance bred a spirit of envy among the young men; his sneering smile blighted our pure and simple pleasures, and it exasperated the masculine portion of the company to observe the influence this Mephistopheles had over the beautiful, innocent, romantic girls whom they loved. There were those of the men whom he seduced at the start. They copied his vices in less than three weeks.—Then followed dissatisfaction and heartache among men and women.
But I, who from the first declined to play cards and drink in Sutton's rooms, felt uncontaminated, and free to seek that priceless treasure in life, a pure woman's love.
I tried to please Alice Lee, and succeeded. In July we were engaged; and then I just began to understand how good and sweet my darling was. I remember that I came home from fishing one day, with a face nearly blistered by the sun. Alice, in her cool, white dress, with violet ribbon at the throat, peeped out the door at me as I came up the garden, where I had delivered the spoils of the day into the hands of Mag's cook, and held up her pretty hands in mock horror. In truth, I was something of a spectacle, with my white linen suit illuminated with the juice of strawberries—the pantaloon thrust into the legs of my muddy boots—plentifully sprinkled with the dust of country roads, and fiercely sunburnt. But I had been gone all day, and Alice inhaled up a face to kiss me.
"No," said I; "I will excuse you, since I have a blistered nose, and am covered with dust."
I was quite in earnest, and tried to hold her off, fearing her delicate dress would get soiled if she touched me; but she won her way to my breast, rubbed a little place clean on my forehead with her embroidered handkerchief, kissed the spot and laughed in my eyes.
"Dear Lewis," said she, "it's you, and I'm not afraid of dirt that will wash off."
The moment softened in her lovely face.
"Lewis," she said softly, "don't think I love you for your clothes, your complexion, or your whiskers, which all the girls admire, but because you are good and true, and I feel that I can trust you. Do you know what made me love you at first?"
I shook my head.
"Because all Sutton's wiles to draw you over to his set failed.—You admire honesty and purity, and have maintained them so nobly, that I honor and admire you. If you were a blacksmith I'd marry you, and live in a hovel!"
And with her beautiful eyes sparkling with tears, my darling hugged me, and then pushed me off, and then ran away to hide how she was crying.

Blissfully happy I stumbled up stairs, plunged into a bath, and divested myself of all stains of earth. But when I went into my dressing room I perceived the fumes of Sutton's cigars. They were of a peculiar brand, and no one smoked them but himself. He was sitting in the south portico, close to the door where I had met Alice. How long had he been there?
My hand trembled as I brushed my hair. Should I have been ashamed of it? I think not. Sutton had a reputation of taking horrible revenges, and I had so much to lose.
But after a moment I braced myself, mentally and physically, and sat down to read. I was too tired to go down stairs. But the fumes of that cigar seemed to have got into my head; the page was hazy and indistinct; I could see nothing so plainly as Sutton's Greek profile and yacinthe hair, and suspecting I was ill I at length threw down the volume and went to bed by starlight.
I was ill for a fortnight with a low nervous fever. My valet took me in charge, but Alice came in every day with Margaret, and did me more good with ten minutes' petting than Eugene's most patient attention accomplished the whole day. She kept flowers at my bedside, and stretched proprieties to the utmost to see me. At first her smiling eyes by my pillow were delicious; but one day I saw she regarded me in a troubled, wistful way, and afterwards I discovered that she was growing pale.
"What is the matter I tell me, pet?" I said.
"Oh, you get well so slowly," she said, with a transient flush on her delicate cheek.
I did not dream what persecutions she was undergoing while I lay there, but she would not worry me with any complaints; brave, faithful, loving little heart.
I was nearly well at last—sat up all day in my room, and sent word to my friends below that I would be with them the following day.
At midnight the radiance of the moonlight awoke me from a deep sleep. I could never sleep in a room flooded with the light of the moon. I rose, threw on my dressing gown, and was preparing to close the shutters, when I distinctly perceived the pungent odor of chloroform.
Now if I had been in the body of the house, I should have decided that some unfortunate person among the many inmates of the house, had experienced a midnight attack of toothache; but there were no chambers in the south wing but Alice Lee's and my room. Every pearly tooth in her rosy mouth was perfectly sound, I knew so; so I was puzzled. The next revelation was the propinquity of a horse's neigh.
The horses belonging to the house were, or ought to have been, at a distance from the house, in a well-locked stable. This horse—nay, two of them and an elegant phaeton—I could perceive at the front gate. At first I did not recognize the equipage.
But I was impressed to believe there was something wrong. A lark of Sutton's set, I decided to be, when I at length recognized the carriage. I dressed and sat down by the window, watching the horses toss their heads under the larches, their silver trappings glittering in the moonlight.
Suddenly Sutton went walking rapidly down the walk, bearing something in his arms wrapped in a cloak. It might have been the figure of a corpse, for any life or motion it appeared to have. He sprang into the carriage, placed himself so as to support his burden, gathered up the reins, and whirled rapidly away.
The instant he was gone a horrible suspicion broke over me. I sprang up and rushed down stairs. The chamber in which Alice slept was full of the scent of chloroform; the window was open, and a large glass door leading directly into the garden. There was chloroform among the roses. Alice was not there!

along the way. I noticed that, and knew I could not be far behind him. Suddenly I heard the click of a carriage wheel. The next moment I pulled up, for the road diverged; one path lay over a steep hill, the other entered the woods.
I was close upon him, I was sure of that; but I could not decide whether he had gone over the hill or entered the woods, which looked dark and murderous enough.—If I made a mistake he would escape me. Just then I heard a cry—a woman's piercing shriek.—My heart leaped up; I plunged into the woods. That was his way.
It was narrow and difficult, and I knew he had taken it in hope to escape me. He must have heard the thundering of my horse's hoofs behind him in the road. We bounded under the boughs. Soon I saw the carriage ahead.
It rolled rapidly along, yet swayed heavily on its springs, as if badly driven.
I shouted, "Stop, stop!"
The next moment a pistol shot whizzed by me. I could make out the figure of Sutton standing in the carriage for a moment. The next instant it was gone. In my reckless speed the bough of a tree struck me in the face; but I heeded nothing until I was beside the phaeton. Sutton was not within; but my darling, all wild and white, stretched out her hands to me.—My horse, in spite of his speed, was manageable; I galloped close to their heads, and contrived to stop the flying bays.
"Where is Sutton?" I asked.
"He fell or sprang out; I do not know which. Oh, Lewis, save me from him!"
"You have nothing to fear now," I answered. "My darling, be brave!"
Though momentarily expecting a ball through my head, I fastened my horse to the back of the carriage, got in, and turned the heads of the horses. They were white with foam, but obeyed the reins without much excitement. I wrapped Alice more carefully in a cloak, and guided them swiftly towards home.
Suddenly the bays swerved, and suddenly seemed to leap over some object in the road, and instantly the carriage passed over some obstruction. Alice's wild eyes flashed their terror into mine; a sickening thought passed over me.—Reining in the horses, I leaped out of the vehicle, and retraced my way for a few steps. Something dark lay among the decayed leaves. It was the corpse of a dead man—the dead body of Walter Sutton.
He had been flung from the carriage. It is not probable that he attempted to escape, for he was heavily armed, and would have far sooner taken my life than have been defeated.
He had probably driven over a stump or log, and been thrown to the ground; and I had ridden over him twice! There was a hoof mark on his forehead, and the wheels of the phaeton had passed directly over his breast. But that fine, scornful smile was on his lips, as if gazed at the dead face in the moonlight, as if, even in death, he cherished his revenge, and was yet confident of compassing it.—But the abduction of which he had dared, he had been defeated in; and happy in our marriage, Alice and I had no fear of the dead.

AGRICULTURAL TRUTHS.
1. All lands on which clover or the grasses are grown, must either have lime in them naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied. It matters but little whether it be supplied in the form of stone lime, oyster lime, or marl.
2. All permanent improvements of lands must look to lime as its basis.
3. Lands which have been long in culture, will be benefited by the application of phosphate of lime, and it is unimportant whether the deficiency be supplied in the form of bone dust, guano, native phosphate, oyster shell lime or marl—if the lands need lime alone.
4. No lands can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.
5. Mold is indispensable in every soil, and a healthy supply can alone be preserved through the cultivation of clover, and the grasses, the turning in of green crops, or by the application of composts within the elements of the mold.
6. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged, by a mixture with plaster, salt, or with pulverized charcoal.
7. Deep plowing greatly improves the productive powers of every variety of soil that is not wet.
8. Subsoiling sound land, that is, land that is not wet, is also eminently conducive to increased production.
9. All wet land should be drained.
10. All grain crops should be harvested before the grain is thoroughly ripe.
11. Clover, as well as the grasses intended for hay, should be mowed when in bloom.
12. Sandy lands can be most effectively improved by clay.—When such lands require liming or marling, the lime or marl is most beneficially supplied when made into compost with clay. In slacking lime, salt lime is better than water.
13. The chopping or grinding of grain to be fed to stock operates as a saving of at least twenty-five per cent.
14. Draining of wet lands and marshes, adds to their value, by making them to produce more, and by improving the health of neighborhoods.
15. To manure or lime wet lands is to throw manure, lime and labor away.
16. Shallow plowing operates to impoverish the soil while it decreases production.
17. By stabling and shedding stock through the winter a saving of one-fourth of the food may be effected.—*Cor. Western Rural.*
WHEN TO CASTRATE COLTS.—Many persons hold to the opinion that cold weather is the most suitable time to castrate colts. Having been engaged in this kind of business for six or seven years, my experience and observation is that May and September are the most suitable times. In May there are no flies or other insects to torment a colt; and also, the weather not being hot, the animal does not resort to the shade. Consequently, keeping out in the open field, it naturally will pick grass and keep up its flesh and strength, and being kept in moderate exercise, a colt will swell less than if it remains too much of the time stationary under shade.
The same reason applies to September. If done in cold weather, the animal will be apt to be kept housed, which should never be done if it can be avoided. I consider gentle out-door exercise preferable. I have operated on many hundred colts, both horses and mules, and have never yet met with a serious accident or loss.
[*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*]
SHORT RULE TO MEASURE GRAIN.—An exchange says: "It is convenient to farmers and purchasers to have an easy and correct rule by which to measure corn in cribs. Here is one: Having leveled the corn in the crib, measure the length, breadth and depth, and multiply them together, and deduct from the product one-fifth, and you have the number of bushels in the ear; for shelled corn, take one-half. To be strictly correct, add half a bushel for every one hundred. Persons who are fond of cyphering, can test the correctness of this rule, by taking 1728 solid inches for a foot, and 2150 inches in a bushel, and see that the latter is nearly one-fifth larger than the former."
KEEP PACE WITH THE MARCH OF TIME in the improvement of thy heart. To fall behind is to fall in perdition.
WHEN YOU HEAR A MAN SAY, "Life is but a dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. Life is real.

THE LAD WHO HAD A PURPOSE IN LIFE.
Every day furnishes some new instance of the wonderful things which have resulted from earnest application to one thing at a time by boys. The "Life and Letters of Faraday" have lately been published, and no one who reads the book leaves off without feeling that a good thing it is when a lad has a purpose before him and a settled love for one special thing. Faraday began life as an errand-boy at a book-seller's shop in London, and had to take out the newspapers to customers. In his spare time, instead of playing at eggs-in-a-bush by himself, he would take down a book and read. "When an apprentice," he says, "I loved to read the scientific books which were under my hands, and amongst them Marce's 'Conversation in Chemistry,' and the electrical treatises in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica.' I made such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed in their expense for a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder, as well as other electrical apparatus of a corresponding kind." He told a friend that Watts "On the Mind" first made him think, and that his attention was turned to science by the article "Electricity" in an encyclopaedia he was employed to bind. And so, by steady industry and the right use of his wits, the newspaper boy rose higher, until he received, "unsought, almost every honor which every republic of science throughout the world could give." Make a note of this, boys, and think whether you are going the right way to work in your life-mission.
A LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT.—Robert Boyd, the son of Colonel W. W. Boyd, accidentally killed his cousin, Jessie Owens, last night about nine o'clock. The two young men were about fifteen years of age, and during the day had been playing with each other. It seems that Jessie had come to spend the night with his cousin, and as the family retired, they repaired to their room with as bright and happy hearts as loving cousins could possibly have. The candle was blown out, and they were about to jump in bed—but, alas! in fun Robert picked from the mantle a pistol which he had shot the day before, and which he knew was unloaded when he placed it there the day before, but which, unfortunately, had been loaded in the meantime by his little brother, and saying, "Jessie, I'm going to shoot you," leveled the fatal instrument, drew the trigger, and his cousin's brains were splattered upon the wall. Medical aid availed nothing, and Jessie drew his last breath in an hour afterwards.
[*Atlanta Intelligencer, 25th.*]
AMERICAN WINES.—The same conditions which produce good apples and peaches can produce good grapes. Diversity of soil and climate will give diversity of product; warm sunbeams, clear skies, and a dry atmosphere will ensure sweetness and flavor in the fruit, and richness, body, and bouquet in the wine. In most of our varieties there is an excess of flavor to be tempered down by cultivation. Many of them are superabundant in sugar, while others yield a juice whose color is so deep that it too might be deemed excessive, if it were possible for wine to be too red. And if the musky flavor of the foxes is by the important family of frost grapes, *Vitis asiatensis*, have none of it whatever, but only such delicate bouquet and savor as the most fastidious European taste may accept. With such materials we must be poor cultivators indeed if we fail soon to produce something better than what Europeans now send for our drinking, and in time something equal to what they keep for their own.—*Harper's Magazine.*
AN INSPIRING SCENE.—One of the most striking pictures in the last number of Every Saturday, represents a female figure kneeling beside two graves, one of a Confederate, the other of a United States soldier, and strewing each with flowers. In the background appear two spectral figures representing the ghosts of two departed soldiers. One wears the gray, the other the blue, and they are solemnly shaking hands in view of the scene. When the spirit that pervades this impressive picture shall be the animating spirit of the men and women of the country, then there will be perfect reconciliation and peace.
[*Richmond Whig.*]

THE GRAVE OF OSCEOLA.—In the last number of Leslie's Illustrated News, appears a sketch of the grave of Osceola, the Indian chief, near the walls of Fort Moultrie.—Accompanying the sketch is an account of Osceola's life and death, from which we gather that he was thirty-six years of age at the time of his death, and during his life had slain a large number of white persons in the glades of Florida. His father was an Englishman named Power, and his mother the daughter of a Cherokee chieftain. While on a visit to an American fort, she was seized and sold as a slave. This aroused the anger of Osceola, and from that time to his capture, he waged a bitter war against the whites. On the 23d of October, 1837, while holding a conference with General Jessup, near St. Augustine, he was seized, with a number of his followers, and taken to Fort Moultrie, where he was closely confined until his death. Osceola died as he had lived, a hater of the race from which his father had sprung. He lay on the couch in the cell assigned, and with a frown as dark as a cloud on his not unhandsome face, he folded his arms across his ample chest, and thus his spirit passed quietly away to the happy hunting grounds of the Seminoles, where his brave was impatiently awaiting his presence.
ARTIFICIAL CULTURE OF SHAD.—The Commissioners of Fisheries for the State of New York having completed their arrangements for the artificial culture of shad, announce that they will be happy to exhibit the process, in all its stages, to any persons interested in the matter. They have established their operations at and near Mull's Fishery on the Hudson River, about ten miles below Albany, where they are now hatching 100,000 young shad daily. Mr. Seth Green has charge of the establishment, which is thoroughly and practically successful, and will exhibit the entire process, from the impregnation of the egg, through the various stages of the embryo, to the production of the perfect fish. The commissioners are particularly anxious that all who doubt the feasibility of artificial pisciculture, or who are about introducing the practice in other waters, should call and see the operation in all its detail.—*Guardian, 7th.*
A GENTLEMAN, the other day, stepped into the store of a Paris merchant, followed by a servant. The gentleman, who wore his right arm in a sling, was taken for a military pensioner, and the merchant gladly placed before him such articles as he asked for.—When he came to settle the account, however, he found he had not sufficient money, so he asked the merchant to write a note from his dictation to his wife, which he would send to his hotel by his servant. The merchant unsuspectingly wrote as he was desired, and on a sheet bearing the name of the firm, these words, "Send me immediately, by the bearer, two hundred thalers. Yours, Robert." He smilingly closed up the note with the expression, "Ah, then, we are name-sakes." The servant took the note and soon returned with the required sum. The gentleman paid for his wares, gave them to his servant to carry, and went away. Some hours after, the wife of the merchant visited him, and after talking of sundry things, suddenly asked him why he had sent for the two hundred thalers. The man was rendered speechless with astonishment when he saw what a cheat had been played upon him.
FLAW-PICKERS.—There are people (do not limit them) who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, or break in the consistency of a metaphor, or flaw in the evolution of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence on which nothing is hanging.
PROTESTANT DENOMINATIONS.—The Episcopalian gives the following statistics of the leading Protestant Denominations in the United States:
Methodist, : : : 2,350,250
Baptists, (of all kinds) 1,861,065
Presbyterians, : : : 754,768
Lutherans, : : : 416,500
Congregationalists, : : : 299,692
Episcopalians, : : : 186,692
German Reformed, : : : 147,752
Reformed Dutch, : : : 59,908